

The Daily Herald.

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THEY FOLLOWED COPY.

How a Space Writer Lost a Chance to Try Married Life.

"Horrors!" what an obscure hand you write!" said the literary editor to the new space writer as he turned in a bit of poetry.

"Oh, its plain enough," interjected the poet, hastily. "The rhymes and the meters will help the compositor out, and there'll not be the least bit of trouble if they just follow the copy."

And the manuscript went hustling up the tube to the composing room, says an exchange.

"Sa-ay, what dog-gasted chump has been sendin' in his Chinese laundry bill for copy?" wildly yelled out slug 10, wiping a sudden sweat of perspiration from his forehead and gazing at his last take. "I can't nuck head or tail out of this thing!"

"Well, Chinese or no Chinese," said the hurrying foreman, "make whatever you can out of it, and get it up in mighty short order or we're late now."

And the type fairly jumped from the case into the stick.

* * * * *

"Good G-d!" gasped the proof-reader, clutching at his brow. "Are my eyes falling or is this a prodigy of nervous prostration?" Then he rubbed his eyes and stared at the galley either I've got the wrong slugs or slug 10's on a real tool!"

At that instant a scream came from the spout. "Rush that proof for heaven's sake! We're late!"

The proof-reader groaned, gulped down the column, hesitated, then desperately thrust the slip into the tube, busily murmuring, "I compared it with the copy and it's as near as I can get to He these days."

* * * * *

That night the new space writer hurriedly wrapped up and addressed a copy of the issue without a title, and dropped it into the tube with this brief note:

My Onliest Sweet and Dearest: I send you a number of Sunday supplement containing little poem. Your face was an inspiration when I read, and happy thoughts of you filled every sentence. Here you find expressed what I have felt toward you, but have not dared to voice before. Till then, etc."

Miss Marie Cortland Van Clifton

read through the tender notes with pleasure, and hurriedly opening the paper, read:

To MARIE

In the breeze from the bluebottle's

whispering blins

whirls the toads in a toot-atoo,

the whiskers whine of the

disome whim

now-s the roll of the ratatoo,

I dream in the shade of the shally-

g-shog,

and the voice of the badly-mo-lay

ings the smell of the stale poppy-cods

blummed in blie,

from the willy-wad over the wav,

the shuddeyng shoe and the blink-

ety-blanks

When the plumbung fall from the bough.

In the blast of the hurricane's hickety-hanks

Over the hills of the hockety-how!

Give the rigmarole to the clangery-wang

If they care for such fiddle-de-dee

But the thingumbob kiss of the wang-ery-bang

Keeps the higgledy-piggie for me.

L'ENVOI.

It is a pilly-po-poodle and aligobung

When the lollypop covers the ground

Yet the poldiddle perishes plankety-pang

When the heart jimmy-coggles round

If the soul cannot snoop at the giggle-some cart

Seeking surcease in a gluggety-glug

It is useless to say to the pulsating heart:

"Yam-ee-koodle-kor-chuggerty-chug!"

* * * * *

The new space writer and Miss Marie

Cortland Van Clifton are not engaged now.

Robert Burdette on the Drummer.

The following glowing tribute

will be appreciated by all friends

of the jolly drummer.

"He looks over my shoulder as I

register after him, and hands me a

card with a shout of recognition; he

peeps over the register again and

watches the clerk assign me to

ninety-three. 'Ninety-four!' he

shouts. 'Who's in fifteen?' The

clerk says he is saving fifteen for

Judge Dryadust. 'Well, he be

slow,' said my cherry friend.

'Give him the attie and put this

gentleman in fifteen.' And, if the

clerk hesitates, he seizes the pen

and gives me fifteen himself, and

then calls the porter and orders

him to carry up my baggage and

put a fire in fifteen, and in the same

breath adds, 'What time will you

be down to supper, Mr. Burdette?

And he waits for me; and, seeing

that I am a stranger in the town,

he sees that I am cared for; that

the waiters do not neglect me; he

tells me about the town, the people

and the business; he is breezy, soci-

able, full of good stories, always

good natured; he frisks with cigars

and overflows with 1,000-mile

tickets; he knows all the best rooms

at the hotel; he always has a key

for the ear seats, and turns a seat

for himself and friends without

troubling the brakeman; but he will

ride on the wood-box or stand out-

side to accommodate a lady, and he

will give up his seat to an old man.

I know him pretty well. For three

years I have been traveling with

him, and I have seen the worst and

I know the best far outweighs the

worst. I could hardly get along

without him. I am glad he is so

numerous."

Something He Had Overlooked.

A long, loosely incorporated individual

walked into one of our city clothing

houses, the other day, and address-

ed the gentleman in charge, who by

the way of description, wears a very

thin suit of hair next the ceiling,

and said to him:

"Do you keep all kinds of felt

gods?"

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman in

charge, drawing himself up to his

full height, "yes, sir, everything in

that line known to the trade."

"Well, then," said the lank man,

"I would like a long-felt want."

SUNDAY UNDER THE TENTS.

Elephants Get a Plunge Bath and Lions Have Their Toes Manicured.

Orang-outangs, lions, tigers, hippopotami, elephants and the other representatives of the animal kingdom from every country in the world spent a quiet Sunday with their attendants on the circus lot in west Indianapolis.

The managers go to Sunday school, the performers recuperate, the canvas men and drivers sleep, and in fact everybody rests except the attendants in the menagerie. The orang-outang must have his whiskers trimmed, the lion his toes manicured, and the elephant must have a sponge bath and his horns pared. The hippopotamus perspires blood during the whole week, and unless his rough skin is washed on Sunday a black crust forms and he gets "scaly." The American water is not so soft and free from alkali as his native water of central Africa and his teeth get coated with matter resembling the sediment of a teakettle. On Sunday his mouth must be pried open and his teeth cleaned and brushed with scented tooth powder made from the pulverized bark of a tree which grows on the banks of the Lukuga river in Africa. If his teeth were not thus preserved they would decay in three years and dyspepsia would send him to a premature grave in a foreign land.

The top nails of the lion grow long and sharp. Twice a year they must be trimmed with clippers to keep them from tearing each other to pieces in their family brawls. The tigers and the bears rub against their cages so much that sore spots break out and they must be healed with liniment and medicated oils. In fact all animals must receive treatment of some kind. As their regular keepers alone understand how to treat them, Sunday is thus a busy day.

When the representatives of the city papers visited the menagerie they found the lions roaring and much excited. Near one of the cages two men held down on the ground a cub, while Lion Tamer Conkling with a large pair of nippers was clipping its toe nails. There were four cubs in the cage, and one by one they were taken out of the cage by Conkling and their nails cut short. While this operation was going on the lioness was crying piteously and shedding great tears. No human mother could show more parental solicitude for its offspring than this queen of animals. The lions in another cage 100 feet distant almost chilled one's blood with their terrible roars while the cubs were undergoing the operation.

The elephants seemed to be having the best of the day. They were being sponged with soft warm water and enjoyed the bath hugely. An old elephant had a corn on one of his fore feet and he gracefully rested it in a stall while his attendant removed it with a razor. After the lion cubs had been attended to Tamer Conkling entered the cage of three huge lions which Mr. Perley said was the biggest cage of lions in America. Two are Asiatic and one is African. The latter, the largest and most noble of the lot, had a sore paw, which Conkling took in his lap and rubbed with a black, waxy substance, which he said was distilled from the sap of an African tree growing near Timbuctoo. Near by was a cage of hyenas in which the keeper was washing the sore eye of an old one who, the keeper explained, had chewed off the tip of his predecessor.

A double horned rhinoceros, which has worn out his horns rubbing them against the bars, submitted to a thorough scrubbing from the hands of a man who had the nerve to straddle his back while rubbing his toadlike skin with a wood brush.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Treasured Relic.

Miss Nina Cromwell, of Detroit, who claims to be a lineal descendant of the great Oliver Cromwell, owns a venerable Bible which is thought to be the identical volume which the protector used. It was printed in 1591, by John Wolfe, for the assigns of Richard Day, and was brought to this country in 1759 by Benjamin Cromwell, the greatuncle of the present owner, who has refused \$300 for it. The edges of the pages are bordered with columns of references in the style which is current today. The references are not so numerous, however, as those in a modern Bible. Between the Old and New Testaments are the apocryphal books, and at the close of the New Testament is a subject index.

Perhaps the most curious part of the volume is the metrical arrangement of the Psalms with which it closes. The preface to this part of the work states that the Psalms were "collected into English meter by Thomas Stern, John Hopkins and others, with apt notes to

sing them withall." The notes are diamond shaped and are arranged on a staff of five lines, having a clef not unlike the modern tenor clef. Each note is open and the stem, when one is used, proceeds from the apex of the diamond.—Detroit Tribune.

Dakota Girls.

The scene was not a thousand miles from Fargo. As they sat on the steps on a moonlight evening he claimed the right to a kiss for every shooting star. She at first demurred, as became a modest maiden, but finally yielded, as usual. She was even so accommodating as to call his attention to the flying meteors that were about to escape his observation, and got to "calling" him on lightning bugs, and at last got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern that a switchman was swinging about in the Northern Pacific yards in the distance, where the boys were making up trains. The Fargo girls are up with the times.—Fargo Republican.

Mr. Dickens' Way.

Mr. Charles Dickens makes it a standing rule never to purchase any mementos of or patronize any movements in connection with his late father. If he took notice of half the offers made him to patronize Dickensian relics he would simply have no peace; therefore he invariably thanks a correspondent and declines.—London Tit-Bits.

A Remarkable Tree.

Up on the east side of North Seventh street, about midway between Poplar street and Girard avenue, stands a strikingly curious tree, which attracts the attention of every passer by. It stands just in front of a stable yard, and the employees of the place say that dozens of people come to them every week and make remarks or ask questions about the strange growth. From the thickness of the trunk at the base the tree is probably about forty years old, but its branches and foliage are new and fresh, and look as though they were but the growth of a year or two. The trunk runs straight from the ground to a height of about fifteen feet.

Above this for a short distance is a thick, globular mass of foliage, the leaves appearing to grow directly out of the wood. Above this growth run up three thick stalks or stumps six or eight feet high, also covered with a dense, close mass of foliage. When the tree is viewed from the north side it presents a startling resemblance to a giant human hand protruding from the earth. The three big stumps at the top represent the three middle fingers, and upon either side of these can easily be seen configurations of the surrounding foliage which correspond to the little finger and thumb.

The explanation of the phenomenon is a curious one. The tree was once full grown and vigorous, but was attacked by blight or some other disease and the dead trunk was pruned down to its present proportions, whereupon the present new growth developed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Eastern and Western Swimmers.

The seashore is supposed to be the home of fine swimmers, but as a matter of fact the denizens of the coast cannot compare in this respect with our southwesterners. I have seen it tried time and again, and always with the same result. Men from Missouri, Illinois, Kansas and Texas are, almost without exception, fleet and more graceful swimmers than those who were born and brought up on the New England coast. The reason for this is the difference between fresh and salt water. When one who has learned to swim in fresh water gets into the ocean he feels as if he could never become wearied. The denser water so buoy's his limbs that they appear to weigh nothing and he is astonished at the speed he attains.

Another notable fact is that the proportion of men bred on the seaboard who cannot swim is very much greater than among inlanders. At New Bedford, a famous shipping point, not one sailor in five can swim and the same is true of other points on the New England coast. With the people from the southwest, certainly with those who were bred in the country, the nonswimmer is an exception. The cause of this is that the weather is warm enough for outdoor bathing during more months of the year in the southern and southwestern states than on the sea coast, and scarcely a farmer's boy is unacquainted with the art. In one respect alone are the easterners ahead and that is in their lady swimmers, with whom we have few to compete.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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